MERCY
TRIUMPHING OVER
UDGEMENT
OR, A
WARNING FOR
SABBATH-BREAKERS.

(9)

blished for Gods glory and the
benefit of all true Christians.

By me Thomas Jones, *Of the City of Hereford.*

Who for prophaning the Lords Day was miraculously strucken by the hand of God, and ur- deprivd of all my senses, for the space of 4 years; ow by his great mercy (upon my hearty repen- ce) being perfectly restored to my former health, I moved to set forth this ensuing Relation, as a testi- ny of my thankfulnesse to God for his fatherly stisement; and that all others by my example, may terred from so hainous an offence as Sabbath- king.

Cor. 10. 11. *Now all these things happened for examples. Therefore remember that yee keepe holy the Sabbath day. Exod.* 20. 8.

London Printed by *E. P.* for *John Wright* the Younger, dwelling

Goe little Booke, present thy selfe.



Cum Privilegio.

THE PROLOGUE.

BEloved Christians, before I was punished for my sins I followed mine owne wayes, but now I desire to keepe the commandements of my God; therefore I will first relate unto you in Prose the manner of my chastisement, and what I conceive to be the cause wherefore I was afflicted. Upon the Lords day or Sabbath called Whitsunday, in the yeare 1624. I disobayed the Lord, and violated that great day in Cursing, Swearing, Drinking, and keeping of bad company, making an Alehouse, or a worse place my chiefest Sanctuary all that day, from which time my memory was taking from me for seaven weekes, that I could never since remember any thing I did, during eight dayes after that offence committed in perfect health, and cannot conceive how I spent the next Lords day, but on Trinity-monday riding to a wedding my horse stumbled, in a plaine greene way, and cast me from off his backe upon a stone, where (as I am enformed) was scarce another stone to be seene for halfe a mile, thence was I carried home to the Priory of Brecknock as dead, and lay as one languishing for a weeke, having a Physitian and a Chyrurgion with me, but could not agree where the fracture was, for outwardly there was no wound to be seene, nevertheless the Sirgeon conceiving where the fracture was, (and that I might dye within three dayes if the braine had not vent) immediatly made an incision in the

Temples on the right side of my head, and cutting all the Vein in that place, I bled by report six or seaven quarts of blood before the veines stopt bleeding, yet at the seaven weekes end I was almost recovered of that desperate wound, and my memory came to me againe, but how, when, or where, I was thus chastised, I know not, nor whether I felt any paine, when I was so grievously wounded, and cured, I could not, nor can I remember, nor my violating or prophaning the Lords day (before declared) I do and doe as yet remember, which made me demand of the Surgeon and others that were about me, at the seaven weekes end, how long it was since Whitsuntide. *And being commanded in a dreame to give an account of the Talent which was given me, since I repented for violating the Lords day, I have made bold to present these my endeavours to your charitable censure, not doubting but if the rest of my Talent were manifest to the world it would be pleasing to God and man, most beneficiall and usefull for this Kingdome, and fit for all young Clearkes, Scholers, and Artificers, who understand not the Latine Tongue, which I wanted my selfe before my Lord and Master corrected me.*

To the VVorshipfull and worthily honoured HERBRT PRISE Esquire, one of the Quenes Majesties Gentlemen Sewers. To his Vertuous, Religious, and Zealous Wife, the Lady Goditha Prise, heretofore one of the maids of her Majesties privy Chamber; and to their onely Child Mistresse Henricte Maria Prise, one of her Majesties Goddaughters.

MOst blessed three, one God, Divinity
Protect thy number (sacred Trinity)
To whom I prostrate here thy gift, my will,
Grant them O Lord the peace of Conscience still,
True honours grace (thou knowst) I as a Bird
Scapt the Foulers snare when death was fear'd,
My braines being chrusht, my Temples crackt, I fled
From thence, and by a blessed Angell led;
The Spirit of grace, my faith, my hope reviv'd,
And for these seaventeene yeares hath me repriv'd
From death, to shew the world Gods gift, this Story,
That Sabbath-Breakers might behold my glory;

And Gods ele& may see the reason why
I was so plung'd in dreadfull misery:
The truth it doth declare at large, and how
Upon repentance God doth mercy show:
This gift is his, which humbly I present,
In hope you'l please t'accept the good intent

Of him who praise,
Your honoured dayes,
May Zealous be,
Eternallie,
His life is yours
While heart endures.

THOMAS JONES.

An Acroſtick on his name. { *Anagram* Herbert Priſe. *her ripe Breſt.* } *An Acroſtick on his Anagram in the laſt words of theſe Lines, invented by the Author.*

H e made his mothers breſt full ripe in Her;	H
E ver ſhe hopes her ripe breſt will not Erre;	E
R eligious Zeale within her breſt doth Raigne,	R
B reſt ripe in him all vice he doth Refraine,	R
E nrich his heart, (moſt wiſe) his Faith In creaſe,	I
R ipe is his Breſt, his Soule the Heav'ns would Pleaſe:	P
T he ſhe ripe breſt her Piety Exceeds,	E
P arting her Zeale to him, in him it Breeds:	B
R ule Lord his heart and make his fortunes Riſe,	R
I n all reſpects, before great Monarchs Eyes:	E
S end him true health, true wealth, and let him See,	S
E ach ſev'rall good deſcendeth downe from Thee.	T

The Capitalls beginning ſhewes his name,
Thoſe in the ends declares his Anagram.

An Acroſtick on her name. Goditha Priſe *Praiſe thy God.* *An Acroſtick on her Anagram.*

G reat Mountaines ſtoope let *Cedars* have the *Praiſe*, P
O're Hills, o're Dales, Gods glory they doe Raiſe, R
D eepe Seas and Flouds the Sunne doth oft Annoy, A
I n ev'ry place the Sun's the *Cedars* Joy; J
T hen *Praiſe thy God* brave *Cedar*, truly Send S
H im thy beſt ſap, his bleſſings hath no End. E
A ll bleſſed pow'rs, whoſe Patience man doth Try, T
P owre down your grace on her, *Praiſe God* on Hye, H
R are *Cedar* bleſt Gods Heav'nly ſhade Intreat, I
I mmortall Tree, moſt bleſt, moſt high, moſt Great G
S pread forth, and *Praiſe thy God*, thou art his Owne, O
E xtoll his name who ſends all bleſſings Downe, D

The *Capitalls* beginning ſhewes her name,
Thoſe at the ends declares her *Anagram*.

Anagram

Anagram.

An Acroſtick on her name { Henriete Maria Priſe, / *I remaine the aſpirer.* }

Here is that *Cedars Branch* whoſe name aſpire,
Exalted by a Queene, what Subject higher?
Now *Praiſe thy God* ſweet branches Roote againe
Rejoyce in him, his love doth ſtill remaine.
I ſaith the Lord, will powre on them my grace,
Even I will ſhield this *Braneh* in ev'ry place;
Th immortall life that comes in ev'ry bud,
Encreaſe her ſtrength, and feed her with thy blood.

Maintaine this *Branch* aſpiring, with thy love,
And bleſſe her Dayes, make her a Turtle Dove:
Regard the Zeale of this young *Branthers Stcke*,
Increaſe their Faith, they are thy ſheepe, thy Flocke;
All joyfull Trees and Plants about them grow,
Palme Trees and *Cedars* unto them ſhall Bowe:
Rare vines ſhall twiſt about this *Branch*, a Tree
In Time, but then a *Cedar* ſhe ſhall bee,
Sweet, vertuous, lovely, comely to behold,
Each ſprig and leafe ſhall be of beaten Gold.

To

To all true Christians,
READERS *and others.*

SIth Schollers Toads and Spiders doe commend,
I hope a Tradef-mans Mite cannot offend;
Such venomous creatures Christians loath, or hate,
But this my Mite may prove more fortunate;
Yet Toads and Spiders serve God in their kind,
And doth his will, whereto they are assign'd:
Each creeping thing's ordain'd by Gods decree,
All things were made for man in some degree,
The Poyson which makes vermine breake, or swell,
Most precious is, Physitians best can tell:
Yet though they loathsome are to mortall eyes,
Within this world their shame and sorrow dyes:
But man who sins on earth continually,
Death shall not end his shame, nor misery;
Then doth his woe begin, for whom I pray,
Although they scorne and hate what now I say,
Then shall he know that God caus'd me to write,
The Sabbaths praise, (his gift) or Tradef-mans Mite,
Then shall proud gallants wish would they had bin,
As weake as I, or vermine void of sin,
Sin's therefore worse then death, then Hell, the Devil,
And of all sin, Pride is the greatest evil,

Pride

Pride makes men hate, and loath, and scorne the poor,
Yet shall a Tradesmans Mite strike every doore,
Open therefore and let instruction in,
Observe Gods day with zeale, abandon sin,
Then in this world thou shalt begin true joy,
For Death and Hell Christ Jesus did destroy:
Though Reprobates this Mite doth discommend,
The gifts of God my faith shall have no end.

Before I declare the manner of that feareſull Acciden (which I conceive happened to me for prophaning the Sabbat of the Lord my God) I will recite unto you the first Verses tha ever I made, which is the gift of God bestowed on me since h Chastisement, contayning a Dialogue betweene my Soule an Body. And in the end of this Pamphlet, you shall see the Pray which I made when I was deprived of my speech and Sence.

An Acrostick Elegie *on my brothers name, made at t* Newes *of his death, my descent, my owne, and wives An grams, her descent, an* Acrostick *on her name, made on t words she spake on her Death-bed, I lamented her death, an concluded with a thanksgiving and Prayer in* Verse.

To which Booke I have added an Antidot for troubled Soule or the fruit of repentance, which a friend delivered unto me fir I was recovered of my nunnesse.

The Authors first beginning to make Verſes, which ſtraine came naturally to him ſince his affliction.

A Dialogue betweene his Soule and Bodie.

The Argument.

I Lay amaz'd when as I ſeem'd as dead,
I thought my Soule was from my Body fled,
She wings did take, and through the Clouds did ſore,
Which made me faint, then God I did implore,
To view my doleſull, wretched, ghaſtly plight,
Moſt weake, as dead I ſeem'd in mortalls ſight:
Then 't was Gods will we ſhould diſcourſe in Verſe,
In theſe plaine tearmes which now I will rehearſe.

The Dia-

THE DIALOGUE.

SOVLE.

I Like a Pilgrime wandred to and fro,
Twixt heav'n & earth, ſtill croſt by mans dread ſo,
To heaven I fled where bleſſed Soules remaine,
The ſpirit from thence did ſend me backe againe
To earth, to thee from whom amaz'd I fled,
When gapsing on the ground thou layſt as dead:
Then he who doth by feare his ſervants prove,
Sent me againe to teſtifie his love.

BODY.

VVElcome ſweet ſoule thrice welcome unto me,
We liv'd as one, I thought we did agree;
I wept, I mourn'd, ſince you did me disdaine,
As dead I liv'd, which caus'd me to complaine:
A ſudden death I ever thought a curſe,
But your departure made mine ſeeme far worſe;
Yet ſenſeleſſe did I live, I felt no paine,
Nor know I when, or how I did complaine.

Soule.

SOVLE.

VVHen from earth's Center I did mount on (high,
The damned Fiend pursu'd me instantly,
And there proclaim'd what sins I did commit,
Which made me quake, and feare, and tremble. Yet
My faith, my hope and feare, together strave,
Faith hope embrac'd, but feare no rest could have:
Then did my chiefe commander this decree,
That I should redescend to earth in thee.

BODY.

GOds justice is severe; yet mercy found
Me out, when I lay tumbling on the ground,
And then I thought th'immortall spirit said,
Christ dy'd for him sad soule be not afraid,
Returne, returne, let nothing thee dismay,
Christ is thy life, thy health, thy helpe, thy stay;
The Trine that's blest likewise those words he spake,
When death perforce would thy possession take.

SOVLE.

THy faith, thy hope, hath sent me backe with joy,
Abandon feare, Christ will our Foes destroy,
Thy faith God saw, thy hope, thy heart, thy zeale,
When at his feet I humbly did appeale;

His

His ſacred ſpirit ſhew'd thee then his will,
Cauſe on his mercy thou dependedſt ſtill;
Now ſee, behold, his love hath ſent me backe
To thee, his grace therefore we ſhall not lacke.

BODY.

AS heav'n bright Sun doth cleare the miſti'ſt morn,
So doth my ſoule refreſh my heart forlorne,
As heav'nly dewes the parched earth doe cheriſh,
So doth my ſoule my heart, who thought to periſh;
As *Cynthias* beames makes cleare the ſable night,
So bright my ſoule doth ſhine, to me moſt light;
As heav'n and earth obeys our God the chiefe,
So would my heart, his will be done in briefe.

SOVLE.

THy hapleſſe fall a happy chance did prove,
Thy faith, thy hope hath gaind thy Saviours love:
That ſuddaine fearefull ſpectacle moſt ſtrange,
Declares thy faith, which ſcornes for feare to change;
God turneth griefe and feare to happy ends;
Moſt happy they who on his aid depends,
Such is thy faith, thy griefe, thy feare alſo,
Which ſhewes Gods love and mercy after wo.

BODY.

Lo,

LO, whose Gods dreadfull streame did runne, there
Faith, hope & zeale, his mercy it o'reflows, (grows
My shield is Christ, the Trinity I praise,
Whose love and mercy hath prolong'd my dayes;
With ardent zeale I will on God depend,
Sweet soule revive, my sorrows here shall end:
Let mutuall love in us againe be seene,
More strong, more firme, then heretofore hath beene.

SOVLE.

ALthough thy soule fraile spotted sins did draw
Gods direfull wrath on thee, obserue his Law:
Th'Apostle *Paul* Christs Godhead did deny,
The Prophet *Ionas* thought from God to flye,
Yet God in mercy did their sins forgive,
And they eternally with him shall live:
Therefore O Lord keepe us from Satans clawes,
And hunger-starve his guts and greedy jawes.

SOVLE and BODY.

HEre on the earth againe in one we live,
Heav'ns grant we may no more offend nor grieve,
Blest be the night when feare did make her us part,
Blest be that day when God did prove my heart,
Blessed be him who did Gods wrath appease,
Blessed be him who doth my faith increase:
Blesse me yee pow'rs divine, (three one most wise,)
Make all my thoughts and deeds please thy blest eyes.

A WARNING FOR Sabbath-Breakers.

WHen as the All-seeing God of Gods did give
The Reins to me, I carelesly did live,
For on his great and Sacred day of rest,
His Sabbath made for man, which he hath blest,
I with the vulgar ran and did transgresse
His chiefe command, which here I will expresse:
On *Whitsunday* that's past was sixteene yeere,
I grossly sin'd, eschewing griefe and feare,
For in the morne when from the bed I rose,
The world, the flesh, the Divell did dispose
Of me, and made me rave, disdaine and sweare,
My heart was vext, which made me then forbeare
To goe to Church, to ease my troubled mind,
But in an Ale-house thought more ease to find,
Where I Tobacco tooke, and healths did drinke,
Of *Whitsunday* I never once did thinke,
Nor of Gods will, that morne I thus did spend,
Till Divine prayers, and Sermon both did end;
Then in that Ale-house I my dinner tooke,
Gods word, his House, that day my heart forsooke,

Yet after noone *I* to my Maſter went
To waite on him to Church, but my intent
Was croſt by ſloth, for by the way *I* met
His ſpouſe and him, and children all compleat,
Then with his ſervants did I goe along
Unto the Church, but from that zealous throng
I did depart, and *I* againe did goe
Unto thoſe joviall lads, whoſe zeale *I* know
For my returne did ſtay, among them there
I tippled ſtill, Gods wrath we did not feare.
But when *I* askt if Evening prayer were done,
A Maid replyd that Sermon was begun.
Then up we ſtood, a health we did begin,
A Frollicke cal'd, no thought that day of ſin,
But when we thought that Sermon was nere ended,
To Church we did repaire, yet *I* attended
Still at the doore, as if at Church *I* was
With zeale devout, but this *I* brought to paſſe
When from Gods Houſe we all departed home,
I privatly deſir'd my Maſters groome
To helpe me to a horſe, that *I* might goe
To viſit her, whom he too well did know;
Which he with ſpeed perform'd cauſe ſicke he lay,
There did I ſpend the reſt of Gods bleſt day;
But how or when *I* did returne againe,
Or where the horſe *I* rid on did remaine,
Or eight dayes after being ſound and well,
What then *I* did, *I* never ſince can tell:
But by report of honeſt worthy men,
On Trinity munday next that followed then,

that
the
me
er
uld.

A ſpeciall friend repoſed truſt in me,
To gaine a Licence for him ſpeedily:
Then to my friend the Regiſter *I* went,
Who inſtantly performed my intent,
He forthwith brought the Licence ſeald to me,
For which *I* paid to every Clarke his fee;
That Antidote *I* thought with ſpeed to bring,
To eaſe their hearts who felt blind *Cupids* ſting;
But they who thought each houre, I ſtayd a day,
With all their friends began to lead the way:
Cauſe Evening came, and far they had to ride
Into the houſe who for them did provide,
Then after them I rid with joy and ſpeed,
To ſhew my love *I* brought them what they need;
Their Licence 'twas, for which they long had ſtaid,
The ſight of it did make their hearts apaid;
When they the ſame receiv'd I went on ſtill,
Till *Phœbus* light was clouded with a hill;
Then from them did I part, with many mo,
Who thought with me to *Brecknocke* back to go,
But marke the end, when we were at a ſtand,
A Glo-worme came and lighted on my hand,
Then did *I* ride before when it was night,
And bragging ſaid, that God had ſent me light;
With that *I* fell from of my horſes backe,
And on a ſtone, my ſcull I there did cracke;
My friends amazed ſtood, *I* lay as dead,
No wound they ſaw, but inwardly I bled,
Which ſtroake my friends and fellows in a feare,
Some griev'd & ſigh'd, and ſome their haire did teare

Far from a houſe it was where I did lye,
What comfort could they have if I ſhould dye,
Upon their hands ? each to their friends did goe,
And my diſaſter told, their feare, my woe.
Then God awak'd a friend who heard the matter,
He ran with ſpeed and brought me his ſtrong-water,
His daughters followed him, they did repaire
Where I did lye, thither they brought a chaire,
His water did my heart and ſoule revive,
And made both life and death begin to ſtrive
In me ; within the chaire was I layd,
And to his houſe I gently was conveyd ;
And by relation there of many a one,
In halfe a mile was ſcarce another ſtone,
For to be ſeene, ſave that whereon I fell,
Yet where or how it was I cannot tell :
The Groome more bold and ventrous then the reſt,
Unto my Maſter rid, and him poſſeſt,
By breake of day what dire miſchance I had
Who roſe with ſpeed and came to me (moſt ſad)
By that time came a Surgeon unto me
To view my corps, but he no wound could ſee,
With him my Maſter ſtayd foure houres and more,
And they withall my friends did God implore
To ſave my life, I ſcarcely then had breath,
Which they perceiv'd, and gave me ore for death ;
My Maſter then returning, newes was ſpread,
What chance I had, and how I lay as dead :
Which made my friends lament, and feare, and griev
Yet ſome that ſuddaine newes would ſcarce believe

Moſt of that Country wide, and nere about,
Came thither to ſee, and to reſolve their doubt,
My Maſter riding home againe did find,
The Bayliffe of *Brecknocke* and the Townſmen kind,
To me they came, he met them by the way
And gave them thanks, they for my life did pray:
But ſure ſaid he, my Man is dead ere this,
He cannot live, or elſe I aime amiſſe.
Therefore you need not take ſuch paines in vaine,
Then all (as one) replyd to him againe,
We hope he'l live as yet this many a yeare,
Yet home he went, and thither ſent a biere,
To carry me upon when I was dead,
Whereon they plac'd me, underneath my head
A Scholler of mine, whom I did teach to write,
Thus I as dead did lye in dolefull plight,
Then on mens ſhoulders was I carried home,
To *Brecknocke* Priory, brought into that roome,
Wherein I lay full foure yeares and more,
A Covenant ſervant in that houſe before,
There I no ſooner was layd downe, but ſtraight
A Surgeon, and Phyſitian, both did wait
To view my mortall corps, and rufull fate,
For feare leaſt helpe and skill ſhould come too late.
Two dayes they did conſult and feele my head,
But diſagreed; then I being almoſt dead,
The'ternall juſt who kils, and doth reſtore
To life made them conſult no more:
And then the Surgeon found the Brain-pans rent,
Who an inciſion made to give it vent;

The fracture in the Temples he had found,
Where he did make a desp'rate bloody wound,
There he the vaines did cut, then as a flood
Did issue thence, abundance of my blood,
In streames it ran, till *I* had lost my breath,
Then all men fear'd that *I* should bleed to death:
Yet after *I* six quarts, or seaven did bleed,
My blood did stop, and *I* from paine was freed:
Then did my worthy Master send againe,
To divers Shires a Surgeon to obtaine
Who had more skill, for *I* was growne most weake,
Languish *I* did, they thought *I* could not speake:
Thus *I* remain'd, a weeke (they say) and more,
In wofull case, impatience made me rore,
With me the Surgeon and Physition staid,
Expecting still to have more skilfull aid;
Now when 'twas thought that *I* was almost spent,
A skilfull Surgeon unto me God sent
Out of *Glamorganshire*, from thence he came
By chance, *John Nichols* was the Surgeons name,
Who when he saw how ghastly *I* did lye,
He said *I* was past hopes to live, but dye
I should ere it were long, and thought it best
For to with-hold his skill, and not molest
My lingring life, which made my Master grieve,
And thence returne; and say, he cannot live
If he no skill will shew, he needs must dye,
But if his best he doth, what remedy?
Then when my Masters griefe and feare was past,
Unto the Surgeon he thus said at last,

Be pleas'd *I* pray to let him dye with skill,
That's all *I* crave, for God muſt have his will.
The Surgeon then unto my Chamber turn'd,
Where many fear'd, and hop'd, and wept, and mourn'd,
Then did he raiſe me up; ſmall hopes *I* have
Saith he, death I doe ſmell, his life *I* cannot ſave,
Yet in the name of God he did begin,
To view the wound which *I* had for my ſin:
God out of ill drawes good, and who doth know
If unto him the Lord will mercy ſhow,
While that he breathes (ſaith he) in hope *I* live,
That God in mercy will aſſiſtance give
To what *I* undertake, *I* muſt confeſſe,
Ten thouſand in the world are kil'd with leſſe;
A ſtroake upon the Temples of the head,
Without a wound or fracture ſtrikes men dead,
Therefore my brother Surgeon ſhewd his skill,
Whoſe aid *I* crave, I ſhall applaud him ſtill:
If in the head the fracture were not found
Before this time he had beene in the ground:
In Brecknockeſhire he lives, one of his name
Did live in *Hereford*, and dy'd with fame,
He was a noted Surgeon of account,
Who to the ſeat of juſtice there did mount,
When *I* a Schoole-boy was, he then was Maior,
And ore the Citty ſwaid in juſtice chair,
His name was *Thomas Williams*, there approv'd
For knowledge, wit and skill, of all belov'd.
My Surgeon here is of that name, and nature,
Ordain'd of God, to make me live Gods creature,

And here on earth his ſervant would I be,
To blaze his love and mercy unto me,
This dreadfull newes to *Hereford* did come,
Which ſtruck my brother, friends, and mother dumbe,
Then ſhe who never thought to viſit *Wales*,
God did appoint to mount thoſe hils and dales,
If any were within that ſad ſhort way,
She did not them reſpect, with delay:
She and my brother came with ſpeed to ſee,
What dire miſchance had happened unto me.
Oh! for my ſins is was on God bleſt day,
For which my Conſcience makes me faſt and pray,
His Sabbath I prophaned ſundry times,
But ſpecially I grieve for all thoſe crimes,
I did on *Whitſunday* (declar'd before)
Which caus'd the Lord to puniſh me ſo ſore:
Wherefore with heart and ſoule I dayly pray,
That I may truely keepe his Sabbath day.
Lord make the world deteſt that great offence,
And let all Chriſtians have that ſpirituall ſence.
The Surgeon whom God ſent began to try,
His hopefull skill, my wound he did unty,
The ſharpe inciſion made, he open layd,
Which made (my friends) the lookers on affraid,
Saying with feare, if more blood this man ſpill,
He needs muſt dye, yet doth he dye with skill;
Then he replyd, thinke you my skill ſo ſmall,
What ere I doe there ſhall not much blood fall
From him, my fleſh he ſcar'd as he thought good,
And with his fingers ſtill he ſtopt the blood,

My

My skin he flaid, and did raſpe out that bone
Which in my temples craſt upon a ſtone;
But by Gods providence and Surgeons skill,
A ſpoonfull more of blood he did not ſpill,
The bone w raſpt up it ſmeld egregiouſly,
And ore the braine he ſaid three skins did lye,
If each of them were putrify'd, then he
May linger yet, but long he cannot be
Alive; two tainte, where the third was not
With putrifaction ſtain'd, blemiſh, or ſpot;
Whereat my friends and Surgion did rejoyce,
In hope the Lord my God did heare the voice
Of ſome that prayd, yet they an alteration
Feard, which fell beyond mans expectation;
For God himſelfe which did my fleſh torment,
Reviv'd my ſoule, and made my heart repent,
Then in the morne before the breake of day,
The Surgeon ſent to ſee how quiet I lay,
My loving friends who watcht with me that night,
With courteous words againe did him requite,
Surely ſaid they the Surgeon hands are bleſt,
For ſince his fall he took not ſo much reſt:
The former Surgeon his attendance gave,
And all things brought which he deſir'd to have,
Their care, their paines, their love did ſtill abound,
They griev'd, they fear'd, they hop'd I mercy found
With God, and when they hopes of life did ſee,
They prais'd the Lord, and each one prayd for me,
Then did they view my dreadfull wound againe,
And order gave what meats I ſhould refraine,

And

And when my grievous wound they view and dreſt,
The Surgeon (God did ſend) made this requeſt,
Cauſe I have many patients here, and there,
And my long abſence might put them in feare,
I pray be pleas'd ſith feare of death is paſt,
That unto them againe I now may haſt;
His brother *Williams* he would leave with me,
For under God he ſav'd your life ſaid he,
Had not he found the fracture in the head,
And an inciſion made, you had beene dead
Before this time, therefore you live to God,
All comes from him, he ſmote you with his rod;
Theſe words my Maſters pleas'd my friends alſo,
Who ſaid to him, you know your time to goe,
Let us not hinder you, goe when you pleaſe,
For God appointed you to give him eaſe,
After which time he two dayes more did ſtay,
But then with ſpeed he ſeem'd to poſt away;
The former Surgeon then his skill did ſhew,
But how this wound I had I did not know;
For after I abus'd the Sabbath day,
I did remaine in health a weeke (they ſay)
And more, but all that time I cannot tell
What ere I did, being then both ſound and well,
Nor ſix weekes after I was hurt (alas)
Nothing I know, nor how it came to paſſe,
But by relation I will make it knowne,
Wherefore Gods judgement was upon me ſhowne,
It was for mine offence ſeven weekes before,
Which ſtill I doe remember, but no more,

Saving those things I did on *Whitsunday*,
For then *I* know from God *I* went astray:
Within six weekes the Surgeon came againe
To me, but then (they said) *I* told him plaine,
I knew him not, wherefore he did reply,
Your braines *I* felt when you were like to dye,
Witnesse this bone which then *I* tooke from you,
My friends did say (alas) it's too too true,
He under God did save your life on earth,
And gave a being to your second birth;
Then as a child *I* did begin to goe,
And senseless liv'd of griefe, of paine, of woe;
My mother and my friends newly did grieve,
And prayd, that *I* so simple might not live,
They of a wedding speake, where *I* had beene,
Wishing that *I* those parties nere had seene;
Whereat *I* mus'd, for *I* had cleane forgot
The same, alas said *I*, *I* know it not,
Hath not the Lord new moulded me agen,
And makes me now a spectacle for men
To gaze upon: but tis my makers pleasure,
Which I imbrace, as worldlings doe their treasure,
His Sabbath I prophan'd, not once, nor twice,
But too too oft, for which I Sacrifice
These sighs of mine, my wound it fairely heal'd,
Which pleas'd my Surgeon well, yet he appeal'd
To God, he could not make me speake againe,
Yet I but halfe a yeare did so remaine,
Nay in a moneth or two my health I had,
Though weake and feeble, melancholly sad,

But

But then my Mother ſhe my double nurſe,
Departed home, whereat I griev'd, far worſe
To thinke my faculties from me were gon,
Which made me ſigh and pray to God alone
For grace, and that he would be pleas'd to ſee,
My dolefull caſe, my feare, infirmitie.
In mercy then my memory he ſent
Againe, and gave me grace for to repent,
Then on the Sabbath day, my thoughts did run,
I griev'd, I mourn'd, to thinke what I had done
On *Whitſunday* before declar'd, (alas)
For which I feare the heav'ns brought this to paſſe
On me, and makes me to the world relate
The cauſe, that mortall man that ſin may hate,
My heart condemnes me ſtill for that offence,
Cauſe ſeven weeks after, I had loſt each ſenſe,
My memory fayld in all things that I knew
Before that time, which I before did ſhew,
Then in my griefe I ſlept, and in my ſleepe
The Angell ſpoke that did my body keepe.
Yet foure, and thou ſhalt be as thou haſt beene,
Which made me hope at foure weeks end t'have ſeene
It come to paſſe, but that night in a Dreame
The Angell ſpake againe, foure yeares I meane,
With that I wak't, and prais'd the God of might,
Who in my ſleepe reſolv'd my doubt that night,
Which made my heart rejoyce, then as I prayd,
The ſpirit ſpake againe, and thus it ſaid,
Gods ſacred Booke take thou and underſtand
His will, read it, and marke what he commands,

Doe not deſpaire, he knowes thy judgement's weake,
Thy heart he knows, & what thy tongue would ſpeake
Obſerve, and note his mercies manifold
To haynous ſinners, our fore-forefathers old;
Which Booke in time I read, in hope, in feare
Yet ſpeechleſſe I remain'd for halfe a yeare,
After that dreadfull accident moſt ſtrange;
But then my deſperate thoughts to faith did change
Now when the Idoll of vaine pleaſure, ſhe
Whom on the Lords day I did ride to ſee,
Was of her ſickneſſe late recovered quite,
Her lewd temptation made my ſoule affright;
But then I found God was diſpleas'd likewiſe
With her, the Load-ſtone to my miſeries,
For on his bleſſed day, his day of reſt,
His word I loath'd when ſhe my heart poſſeſt.
Toher I rid, who likewiſe did prophane
Gods day; for which (offence) ſhe came to ſhame.
That yeare, ſhe from thoſe parts diſgracefull fled,
And in another ſhire was brought to bed;
The child being borne, of it ſhe was bereft
By death, ere ſince her native place ſhe left,
Therefore I pray as God converted me,
Doe ſo O Lord to her where ere ſhe be:
Then from my mother ſpeedily I heard,
My father in law lay ſicke, his death ſhe fear'd,
Which made me ſtrive to write my mind againe
To her, and then I wiſht her to refraine
To grieve exceſſively if he ſhould dye,
God would provide enough for her and I,

After which time, eight dayes he liv'd (the moſt)
Then as they ſay, he yeelded up the ghoſt:
Which when I heard I griev'd, yet then
I thought that God did looke on me agen,
And for my mothers good this chance befell,
That after ages may this Story tell;
When ſhe was marri'ed to that ſecond man,
I then being Prentice from my Maſter ran,
Becauſe *I* griev'd at her unluckie fate,
I fear'd her choice would prove unfortunate,
Which ſoone did come to paſſe: his gains did ſlip
Still through his hands by too oft ſuretiſhip,
Which made my mother vex, ſhe wept, ſhe griev'd,
Yea ſmall content ſhe had while here he liv'd:
Wherefore this dire miſchance the Lord did ſend
To me, that ſhe in *Wales* might me attend;
But when to *Hereford* ſhe was return'd
Within eight dayes ſhe for her husband mourn'd,
Whoſe unexpected death perplext her heart;
But then Mans chiefe protector tooke her part;
On her my thoughts did run, *I* could not reſt
Untill ſhe yeelded to my ſmall requeſt;
Which onely was that ſhe would live with me;
The which the pow'rs divine did firſt decree.
With me my fathers name ſhe had againe,
'Cauſe I her ſon as husband did remaine,
Two yeares being paſt and gon in hope I liv'd,
At Bath to gaine my ſpeech, for which I griev'd,
Which made me often to be vext and croſt,
For all my faculties and ſpeech I loſt;

At

At Bath I ſtayd nine dayes in expectation,
Not as brave gallants doe for recreation,
But I with Faith and hope my time did ſpend,
Then as from Bath I rid, at the Townes end
My horſe did ſtumble at a heape of ſtones,
Whereon *I* fell, there might *I* breake my bones,
My foot within the Stirrop hung to ſhew,
My life, my ſoule, my all to God *I* owe,
He made my horſe afraid to ſtirre or move,
From thence, untill my foot *I* did remove
Out of the Stirrop then my friend came in
And held my horſe, who ſaw that *I* had bin
Deliv'red ſafe from harme, but fearefull ſad,
Which made me thinke upon a dreame *I* had,
Two yeares before, my heart did then perceive
God might my braines daſh out, and me bereave
Of life; becauſe *I* did miſtruſt that he
At foure yeares end would make me be
As I had beene, Lord pardon me for it,
And *I* ſhall wait untill thou thinkſt it fit
To make me ſound, yet I in *Briſtoll* ſtayd
At that new well, till I was there afraid
Of Gods all-ſeeing power, then did I grieve,
Becauſe my faith would not a dreame beleeve;
And I returned home againe with ſpeed,
Where for my ſecret ſins my heart did bleed,
Then did I call to mind what God had pend,
There I obſerv'd Gods mercies hath no end;
(*M*ade knowne by's Prophets and Apoſtles grave)
Which did increaſe my faith, and comfort gave,

To me, yea there I markt what fearefull sin,
Our fore-fathers did too too much runne in,
Gods mighty wrath they often did provoke,
Yet soone it vanisht as the Airy smoake:
But most severe he hath beene unto those,
Who did his Sabbath breake when they might choose,
Witnesse the man who for a small offence
On Gods blest day, death was his recompence,
He onely gathered sticks to serve his need,
But from neglect or sloth it did proceed;
God seaven dayes did make, and did exempt
But one for his owne use, now in contempt
If man abuse his Sabbath which he blest,
And from his worldly labours will not rest.
Or if we lewdly spend the Sabbath day,
Or carelessely his sacred will obey;
Or if that day our duties we neglect,
For that offence wee may the like expect,
But he that gathered sticks and *I* have bin,
Thus plagu'd, that others may abhorre that sin.
Praysed be God for it, though *I* have beene
Ere since perplext in mind; yet hath he seene
Me dayly on my knees for mercy praying,
And with repentant teares alwayes am saying,
O Lord, my God, my faith, my hope encrease,
My weake petitions grant, when thou shalt please:
Yet all those faculties which I enjoy'd,
For seven yeares, the Lord my God annoy'd.
But *I* with faith and hope did alwayes pray
Unto him still, whose mercy doth o'reway

His justice great, for in all ages past,
Gods dreadfull wrath did but a moment last:
And his chastisement which in mercy fall,
The greater blessings doe attend them all,
Witnesse the Thiefe that dyed with our Saviour,
His faith upon the Crosse, his last behaviour,
Made him with Jesus Christ to live for ever,
And with the Saints he Lauds th'Almighty giver
Of Heaven and Earth, of joy, of Peace, of Rest,
(The onely man that at his Death was blest)
Now seeing in mercy God chastised me,
With faith I hope, my life was his decree,
(He turn'd my teares to smiles, and in my sleepe
The Spirit that spake true promise then did keepe)
For long before the time was at an end,
A married wife from *London* God did send,
Unto her husband who in *Brecknocke* liv'd,
Where he with sickneſſe was long vext, and griev'd,
Now in this second Matrymoniall knot,
Gods love and mercy shall not be forgot,
For when the Sick-mans meanes was almost gon,
It was encreast (past hopes) by God alone,
Who made his wife returne to ease his heart,
And from her gold most freely she did part,
She travail'd, far and neere, by day, and night,
To gaine Physitions aid if that she might,
No cost she spar'd, no physicke did he lacke,
But all in vaine, for death at crusht his backe,
Yet God did make their love againe more strong,
Then ere it was, which death did crosse ere long,

For *Atropos* ſtole with his dierfull knife,
And ſuddainly did cut his thred of life:
Before his death ſhe dream'd by her relation
Unto their friends, beyond mans expectation,
She being with child was often ſicke with feare,
Then in a dreame her Unckle did appeare
To her, and to her comfort thus he ſaid:
Thinke on Chriſt Jeſus, be not thou diſmaid,
On wedneſday thou ſhalt eaſe and comfort have,
But when ſhe wak'd the man was in his grave;
In duſt and aſhes he was long before,
For he had then beene dead ſix yeares and more.
Her husband being intomb'd within the earth,
Two children ſtrove in her to have their birth,
Then two moneths after upon Friday night,
Strong throws and labour did her ſoule affright,
Yea day by day ſhe was in mortall paine,
Untill that hopefull wedneſday came againe,
The Mid-wife and her friends this counſell gave,
To cut her wombe, that ſhe her life might ſave,
But ſhe replied, nay, God forbid that I,
Should rip my wombe, no, rather let me dye;
But on the wedneſday morne that followed next,
Her griefe encreaſt, and ſhe was more perplext,
Then from her wombe a ſweet girle there did ſpring,
Which did encreaſe her faith, not feare deaths ſting;
Yet then her throws encreas'd, ſhe had more paine,
Till from her wombe a dead child ſprung againe,
Which was a boy, the girle on earth did live
Eleaven dayes. Then Chriſt her ſoule did give

To God, and all her friends with one accord,
Did humbly praiſe th'eternall mighty Lord,
Who ſuch a wonder on a ſtranger wrought,
The like was never ſeene in *Wales* tis thought,
God ſav'd her life paſt hopes, and made her know
The day, that his great mercy he would ſhow
To her, her friends thus ſaid, ſhe was belov'd
Of God, for God her faith and patience prov'd,
She was chaſtis'd to ſhew that ſhe was bleſt,
God ſpar'd her life, her faith the heavens increaſt,
Her love, her care of him who caus'd her wo,
Doth ſhew her faith, yet ſhe (they ſaid) muſt do
The like (no doubt), Gods glory ſhe muſt raiſe,
For which ſhe lives, to gaine eternall praiſe;
Ceaſe doting Muſe in vaine thou ſetſt her forth,
God knowes her heart, let heav'ns make knowne her worth;
She being reſtored to her health againe,
Among her huſbands friends ſhe did maintaine
Her ſelfe, according to her rancke and blood,
In modeſt ſort, during her widdow-hood
She taught, to ſow, to waſh, to ſtarch, to read,
Her love, her fame in divers ſhires did ſpread,
From whence the Gentry did their children ſend
To her, her breeding they did ſtill commend,
Her paines, her care, her love gave all content,
The heaven of heavens did know her true intent:
Then did ſhe dreame againe as twas reported,
A Painter to her company reſorted,
He gain'd her love, to him ſhe married was,
But thought that it would never come to paſſe

When she awak't, but in the morning she
Did aske what Painters here in *Wales* might be,
Her friends reply'd, truly we know not well,
But in this Towne there's one we all can tell:
This night said she, a Painter won my love,
A blacke haird man, of him *I* did approve,
But now the Painter I have lost, my love
Is God, who did my faith, and patience prove.
Then when she was growne strong, she did returne
Unto that house where she began to mourne,
For her late husband dead, but when againe
She came, my mother neere her did remaine,
Where they close neighbors for a twelve month liv'd,
And oft discours'd, sometimes wherefore they griev'd,
My mother finding her most loving, courteous kind,
Of good conditions, and a zealous mind,
They both were intimate, and liv'd together
More deare then neighbours; for *I* knew not whether
Greater affection bore unto each other:
Then for her kind respects unto my Mother,
In commendations of her blessed name,
I these unpolisht lines did frame,
Mary a Virgin God and Man did beare,
Who conquer'd Death for those in thraldome were,
And you in name and nature blest also,
For health unto the Virgins Son did go,
Your love, your faith, your hope in God your joy,
Brought you to him, who did death, hell, destroy:
Then when the Spirits promise did grow neere,
Fresh hopes reviv'd my heart, as shall appeare,

My ſenſes all benumb'd, my drooping mind,
My tongue, my limbs did alteration find,
(For when my ſpeech and faculties I loſt,
Upon deepe deſpaires tombe my heart was toſt)
And now the heavens who life doth ſtill preſage,
Bound up my wounds, and bids me cheriſh age,
What cares, what fears then harbour'd in my breſt,
Is knowne to him who matrimony bleſt.
He made me goe unto my Mothers friend,
That faithfull widdow whom ſhe did commend;
Our hearts we linkt in one, we did agree
When that our Nuptiall day ſhould be,
Which now I note twas juſt foure dayes before
The foure yeeres were expired and no more,
Upon which day ſhe ſaid, for you I tarried,
My life God ſpar'd for you, yet was I married
A twelve moneth ſince, unto an Artiſt kind,
Unto a blacke hair'd Painter, but I find
Dreames are but fantaſies, they'r ſeldome true,
Then I replyd, that dreame perhaps comes now,
For I a Painter am, or would be ſo
Though I of late no faculty could ſhow,
And Doctor *Land* the Lord Archbiſhops grace
Of *Canterbury*, being Biſhop of this place
Saint *Davies* called, his Lordſhip promiſe made
That by Commiſſion I ſhould uſe that trade,
Throughout his Dioces, to beautifie
The Houſe of God, by his authoritie;
And though of late he be tranſlated hence,
Your dreame my hopes revive without offence,

Then when the next Lord Bishop there did come,
For to succeed the Lord Arch-bishops roome,
Thats now, in my behalfe my Master spake
To him, who nobly for my Masters sake
The like Commission caused to be made
For me, I his assistance had, and aid;
Then with my men Gods house I did adorne,
Although before I seem'd as one forlorne,
But riding on the Sabbath day againe,
My soule and conscience griev'd, and did complaine
Against my heart, God now the umpire is
Who will not suffer man to doe amisse;
Then as I rid I thus resolv'd the doubt.
It is Gods house which makes me ride about;
Therefore *I* know I doe not God offend,
With that my heart did faint, because the end
Was for my gaine, and not to re-stifie
The house of God, which I did beautifie.
Then my Commission close two yeeres I staid,
Because my greedy heart made me dismayd,
My wife being then with Child, that night when she
Did hope by her account her Child to see,
At midnight she fell in a shivering fit.
Whom I awakt and askt the cause of it,
This night saith she, when *I* expected ease,
My spirit or guardian angell, which you please,
To me did speake, whereat I was affrighted;
Thinke not (its said) that you shall yet be lighted,

On AllSaints day God hath decreed that you
Shall then be brought to bed, alas its now
Full ſix weekes hence, (ſaith ſhe) alas that I
Muſt ſo long yet endure this miſery,
Yet tis Gods will ſhe ſaid, his name Ile praiſe,
His will be done, he hath prolong'd my dayes.
Then in the morne ſhe heart of grace did take,
All griefe, all feare diſtruſt ſhe did forſake,
On AllSaints eve her labour then begun,
Sad gripes and throwes in every part did run,
But by the breake of day on that bleſt morne
That followed next, a man child ſhe had borne
Into the world, wherefore ſhe prais'd the Lord,
Bleſſing his name who hath perform'd his word,
With her, and ſaid I moſt unworthy am
To know thy will or call upon thy name.

Then I another courſe of life did undertake,
And for a time all Painting did forſake,
Becauſe a friend of mine was Sheriffe there,
And his Recorder made me for that yeare,
I by that place experience ſtill did gaine,
There I with credit did my charge maintaine,
My ſon by promiſe by my wifes relation,
God bleſt with vertue, beyond expectation:
He being a twelvemoneth old or ſomewhat more,
His mother dream'd againe as heretofore,
When Miſtreſſe *Priſe* of *Brecknacke* Priory lay
Moſt dangerous ſicke, expecting every day

The time she would this wretched life depart,
Cause all Physitians fayld with skill and Art,
To cure her long disease, yet if she playd
With her young child, a voice unto her said,
She should be eas'd of each sicke tedious fit,
But wisht my household not to speake of it,
Least she should there be made a laughing stocke,
For dreames are fancies which doe most men mocke:
Still Mistresse *Prise* lay sicke as heretofore,
After that time a moneth I know and more,
About which time my wife did ride to see
Her mother, friends and kindred, Gods decree
That morne she went from home one privatly
Reveal'd her dreame, but told it secretly
To Mistresse *Prise*, who for my child did send
To see if after that her griefe would end,
The child being brought to her, with him she playd,
And him Physition cald, but thus she pray'd,
Lord if it be thy will that I shall live,
And hast ordain'd this meanes I praises give,
Unto thy sacred name, for this thy love,
Blesse this sweet child with grace, that he may prove
Thy Servant here on earth, and in the end,
Make his sweet soule unto thy Throne ascend.
After the child's being there she mended still,
And did recover her health, Gods sacred will,
His mother scarce a week from home did stay,
After the child with Mistresse *Prise* did play,
But God was pleas'd before my wife came home,
To make my Mistresse walke about her roome:

Then

Then God reſtor'd her to her health againe,
And ever ſince in health ſhe doth remaine,
She can declare the truth which I have Writ,
To ſhew the gift of God I thought moſt fit,
I having now diſcharg'd in *Brecknock ſhire*,
The Shire-Clerks place, which held but for a yeere,
It pleas'd the Judges there my will to grace,
And did confer on me another place,
They made me an Attorney at th'Aſſiſe,
Which office there my fortunes did not riſe,
Becauſe my Clyants they were Welſh-men bred,
And when they ſpake, I knew not what they ſed,
Then I a Prentiſe tooke and thought it fit,
To teach him all things that was requiſite,
But when I found he Welſh and Engliſh ſpake,
I thought with him I ſhould more profit make,
If he and I with my Commiſſion went
T'adorne the Houſe of God: then my intent
And purpoſe I began, yet ſtill I prayd
My God, my Lord, who made my ſoule affraid,
T'aſſiſt my good deſire, Lord ſend me skill
Againe t'adorne thy houſe, he knew my will,
He was my ayd, though he chaſtiſed me,
He makes me cautious of his bleſt decree.
Though I did once prophane his day of reſt,
Henceforth I hope t'obſerve his Sabbath bleſt,
For on that day within his ſacred Booke,
My heart and ſoule for profit there ſhall looke,
His grace and favour I have found againe;
He with his bleſſings doth my life ſuſtaine.

Stil

Still he is pleas'd t'assist me with his grace,
Which doth my mind content in every place,
Yet every day my sorrows did encrease,
Because my speciall friends did still decrease,
Death strikes them here too fast, ah me I grieve,
To see strong Oakes cast downe and brambles live:
Then when I left my Church-worke every night,
I still would take a Pen, and thus did write.
Wee Painters erre to picture death still blind,
For I observe he sees the best to find,
But meagre death thy Dart hath done them good,
Thrice happie they wherein thy sting hath stood,
Thou art deceiv'd, their soules to heaven flye,
Though in the earth their bodies rotting lye,
Thy ghastly pale grim face makes friends to weepe,
When thy sharpe dart makes friends in earth to sleepe,
Yet nought thou canst with all thy hate or love,
Save what's decreed by that three-one above,
Then let me spare to rave and be content,
He is commanded by th'Omnipotent:
He doth command the world, and him also,
Therefore let us prepare with death to go,
Let those alas who too too oft have stood,
More for the Church goods then the Churches good,
Repent and grieve for it with awfull feare,
Praysing his name who doth his rod forbeare,
And let those great ones next who seeme most strong,
Can hardly offer right or suffer wrong:
Let them with humble hearts and soules confesse,
That heretofore they weakely did transgresse;

Let

Let every one make privie ſearch within,
And with repentance root out damned ſin,
Let's firmely love, yea with a tender heart,
All envie, malice, diſcord ſet apart,
Such ſins as thoſe, and others not much leſſe,
Is th'onely cauſe of griefe and heavineſſe,
Twas not their ſins alone which bred our woe,
But ours with theirs, and many ſinners mo,
We are the cauſe alas, as well as they,
For which our friends ſo ſoone doe rot in clay,
We oft ſpeake faire and love is dayly faind,
Gold ſome doe make their God, ungodly gaind.
When men grow rich they then grow inſolent,
Scorning the poore and harmeleſſe innocent,
Gods wrath we doe provoke, he oft doth threat,
With bitter teares let's humbly him intreat
To ſave the reſt, and turne his wrath away,
Oh! turne us Lord, I'm bold my ſelfe to pray,
For, for our ſins, and for our wicked crimes,
Thou tak'ſt away the godly oftentimes:
God takes from us in my conceipt the beſt,
My faithfull friends with death he did arreſt;
Thus I my heart did eaſe at idle times,
With making ſuch unpleaſant dolefull lines;
Six ſheets of Paper cloſely did I write,
The more I griev'd bewail'd the more I might,
Of them I onely here have given a touch,
To Criticks eares I know its too too much:
Therefore I le ceaſe, and hold on my diſcourſe,
In praiſe of God, which may perhaps ſeeme worſe

To them; when *I* had gon through *Brecknockſhire*,
And Painted moſt of all the Churches there,
My Prentiſe did deſire his friends to ſee,
And with his father rid to *Mountgom'ry*,
That day from *Herefordſhire* a meſſage came,
To me, (and ſaid, that there God ſpread my fame)
I thither muſt make haſt wi.hout delay,
And there reſolve a moneth or two to ſtay,
To teach young Gentlemen to write with ſpeed,
Whom Doctor *Rogers* in his houſe did breed,
To them I went, where I did find ſuch love,
As if the powers divine had from above
Decreed, that to my native place I muſt returne,
And for the good of others am I borne.
My Prentiſe then return'd to me no more,
Wherefore my Church Commiſſion I gave ore.
Now was my firſt borne ſon on All Saints day
uſt five yeers old; and as my friends did ſay,
bout that time, the day, the houre of's birth,
is bleſſed ſoule forſooke this mortall earth,
hen on the morrow when I heard that newes,
came unto my houſe where I did uſe,
Iob like patient mind, and prays'd the Lord,
ot doubting but his mercy would afford
e grace to be content, then did I write
nd make this Epitaph, his fathers mite,

On All Saints day thou didſt draw vitall breath,
n All Saints day God ſent for thee by death
n All Saints morne twas five yeeres ſince that time,
hou firſt unto thy mothers papes did climbe

God

God cald thee hence; twice all the Saints did ſhow,
Thou waſt a jewell which God himſelfe did owe,
God did decree that all the Saints ſhould bring
Thee to the earth, and fetch thee to their King:
Who ſo is borne to day and dyes to morrow,
Looſeth few dayes of mirth but moneths of ſorrow.
Then when ſome mournfull dayes for him were paſt,
To *Herefordſhire* againe I did make haſt,
Unto my Schollers there, but by the way
I at a zealous houſe was forc't to ſtay,
Whoſe ſons that Doctor did inſtruct, and I
Their want in th'Arte of writing did ſupply;
And as I backe returned home againe,
At that religious houſe, I did remaine
All night, and on the Sabbath day *I* went
From thence, (unknowne) becauſe I would prevent
The time, for riding to and fro ſo far,
My expectation it did ſeeme to bar,
But when I came to them againe I heard,
A mild diſcourſe, which made my ſoule affeard:
Cauſe I againe had treſpaſt on Gods day,
For which offence I wept, and thus did pray,
Be pleas'd O Lord to make me recompence,
My weake deſire and wilfull ignorance,
With zeale devout, Lord ſhield me every where,
From bold preſumption, griefe, deſpaire, and feare;
Then as through *Hereford* I often paſt,
The Free Schoole-Maſter, and his friends at laſt,
With many a Towneſ-man there did ſpeake to me,
That in their City I ſometimes would be

To teach to write. For in your native Towne
Said they, where you once liv'd, your fame is blowne,
Their kind perſwaſion ſoon impreſſion tooke,
In me, for *Wales* I inſtantly forſooke
And all preferments there, to *Hereford*
I came, whoſe Church and Colledge will afford,
A penſive man true comfort in diſtreſſe,
True food for ſoules and men in heavineſſe.
Now in this City can I ſcarcely gaine
Sufficient meanes, yet doe I ſtill maintaine
My ſelfe, my family, taxations pay,
And all God ſends, to whom I faſt and pray.
Grant me thy grace O God, contentment ſtill,
Lord my ambition is to doe thy will,
Thou know'ſt that's all the wealth I wiſh on earth,
Which is thy gracious gift (my ſecond birth.)
My heart, my ſoule ſhall on my God relie,
His name I bleſſe, I praiſe, I magnifie,
Which is the cauſe that I this Mite have writ,
To ſhew my zeale, but not to blaze my wit
Which is but weake, a Tradeſ-man weake I am,
Whom Chriſt I hope hath cald t'adore his name.

The

THE PRAYER.

O Lord God everlasting, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, glorious, holy and mercifull art thou in all thy works, of thy goodnesse and mercy thou mad'st me of the dust of the earth, breathing in me the breath of life, to the intent I should continually serve thee, but I a miserable and wretched sinner, following the steps of my first parents, transgressed thy commandements, and have beene often inveigled by the world the flesh and the divell to breake thy Sabbath, for which my conscience perswades me (by many infallible reasons) that thou in mercy hast afflicted me for the same, yet upon my weake humiliation thou wast pleased (after thy chastisement) to comfort my heart with the remembrance of thy fatherly love declared in thy sacred word, for thou causedst thine onely Son Christ Iesus to descend from thy throne of Majesty into this vale of woe and misery, who became as it were a sinfull man and suffered the most shamefull death of the Crosse for my sins, and for the sinnes of all Mankind, he being spotlesse and righteous; nevertheleſſe I still erred and procured thy wrath and indignation against me, yet in mercy thou only afflictedst me for my sins & offences, piercing my conscience for prophaning thy Sabbath, for which thou mightest justly have consumed me, and rooted me out from the face of the earth, but thy mercy overswayed thy justice, for thou sparedst my life when all that saw me or heard of me said I was either dead, or past hopes of recovery, verifying in me the Apostles words, This is the Lords doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes, and what thy Servant David said it true in me, Lord thou hast chastised and corrected me, but hast not given me

me over to death; therefore my heart and soule and all my vitall spirits shall magnifie thy great name, beseeching thee for Iesus Christs sake, if it be thy blessed will and pleasure, to restore me to my former stoengih, speech, health, memory and faculties, that I may hereafter walke faithfully before thee, all the dayes of this my earthly pilgrimage, doing, and performing diligently, (with faith hope and zeale) those things which thou commandest me, banishing from my heart presumption and despaire. Lord forgive me my former sins and iniquities which I ungraciously (and partly thorow ignorance) have committed against thee. Thou knowest O God my simplenesse, and what I need, better then I can aske or crave, therefore in all humility I refer my will to thy blessed pleasure, beseeching thee O most gracious Father to continue, multiply and increase thy love and favour bestowed on me, that I never offend thee in thought, word, deed, or consent, and when it shall please thee to call for this my wretched body out of this miserable world, that my Saviour may present it spotlesse unto thee amongst thine elect, notwithstanding the wickednes of my corrupt nature: which blessing I humbly beg at thy mercifull hands for the merits of thy only Son Christ Iesus my Saviour, redeemer, and advocate O immortall, eternall, and everliving God, from the bottome of my heart and soule I blesse magnifie and adore thy sacred name, beseeching thee again and againe for Iesus sake, to accept of these my humble petitions, although my hand is not able to write, nor heart conceive the praises due unto thee, neither can any tongue declare thy love, goodnes, and mercy. Wherfore I conclude this my humble desire, praise, and thanksgiving with that absolute prayer which thy Son my advocate Iesus Christ hath taught us saying, Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

FINIS.